

Upside Down. by orphan_account

Category: Criminal Minds (US TV), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Crossover

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Spencer Reid

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-26

Updated: 2017-12-26

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:03:04

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,492

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

After everything that went down in Hawkins, Spencer decided that Eleven needed a stable place to live, somewhere safe and with someone who could protect her and eventually learn to understand her.

Upside Down.

Spencer woke up to the sound of TV channels being flipped through, he still wasn't used to the idea of having someone else living in his home so his initial response was to shoot up in his bed and begin to think over how he was going to apprehend whoever was in the apartment. It quickly dawned on him though that there was no threat, just a little girl who suffered with nightmares and got up a lot throughout the night.

He flicked his lamp on and swung his legs over the side of the bed, sliding his bare feet into his slippers before getting up and wandering out of his bedroom. The constant switching light from the TV illuminated the dark hallway, Spencer was in the process of clearing out his office to then turn it into another bedroom but for now Eleven was camping out in the living room in a fort similar to the one she had been sleeping in back in Hawkins.

Eleven sat in front of the TV, her hands resting in her lap as she stared at the screen. JJ and Penelope had gone a little crazy in shopping for new clothes for her, she was currently wearing the pyjama set Penelope had picked out, a pink and white striped button down shirt and matching bottoms. Spencer had noticed she had a thing for feminine things, most likely because of how she had been stripped completely of whatever femininity she had so it was nice for her to have clothes she liked and felt excited about.

Spencer watched her from the doorway, not wanting to spook her by interrupting. Whenever he thought about having kids of his own he'd ever imagined having someone like her, granted he never knew someone like her existed. He'd always pictured himself having a boy, whether that was because of JJ having two boys and that created some sort of image in his head of what the ideal family was or because he somewhere in his subconscious he wanted to have a boy so they could have a better childhood than he'd had. Whatever the reason, someone like Eleven had never even popped up in his mind once.

Even after seeing what she could do, the monsters that existed so close and yet so far away from their world, Spencer somehow

remained apprehensive. He was a man of science after all and nothing that had happened in Indiana made any logical sense, even with how the kids had explained it to him. It was illogical with the information he had though, there was an ever expanding universe out there and to say that everyone had to abide by the same laws of science and agree with the research done forever? It was becoming more and more obvious to Spencer that as smart as he was, there was always so much more to learn.

He stood there watching as Eleven flicked through the channels, not looking for anything in particular but instead watching the flashing of different shows come up. Spencer was learning not to question the way Eleven did things, everything was still new to her and she was still adjusting to a world where she could make her own choices and not have to be worried about the people around her.

Eventually Spencer decided he might as well go sit down, if Eleven was still up then there was clearly something on her mind, even if she didn't talk about it just knowing she had someone to talk to might be helpful. At the sound of footsteps behind her Eleven whipped round to see who was coming, her expression softening when she saw Spencer but not quite letting go of the protective stance she held.

He thought about whether asking her if Eleven was the name she wanted to use, he couldn't imagine it was one that would make her life easier but it was the only name she'd ever known. Maybe when she was a little older and had adjusted, the last thing someone who had went through all that trauma needed was another thing to worry about.

"It's just me." Spencer said softly, putting his hands up to show they were empty as he sat down on his couch. Piles of books sat around the room and he noticed immediately that some were out of place, books left open and scattered across the floor. She couldn't read all that much, especially anything to that level but it gave him an idea.

Eleven watched him carefully, big hazel eyes filled with caution narrowed as Spencer just sat there quietly. She liked him, had given her a soft blanket and pillows, lots of food and water and his friends had gotten her all the nice clothes. He was good, yet it had become

first nature for her to be weary and it would take more than glasses of milk and jam on toast for her to feel completely safe.

Soon she drew her attention back to the TV, not looking for anything in particular just going through the channels. There was something both comforting and nerve wracking about the fuzz of the static, it always had a strange ominous feeling - Spencer could have explained the reasoning behind that in many different ways but instead just let himself be caught up in the moment. He watched as Eleven got bored of the TV and switched it off, not with the knob of course but rather with her mind.

Spencer still wasn't used to it, even after seeing it many times before in front of him. There was probably so much research behind by Eleven had the powers she did but he didn't want to interrogate her like he knew they did back at the laboratory; where they kept her there like a lab rat and not a little girl. He kept having to remind himself that was all she was, despite having those abilities she was a child who didn't need him constantly studying them. It was difficult to stop thinking like that but he was managing.

After being done with the TV Eleven began to look around her, picking up a stray book beside her. It was a old copy of Annabel Lee by Edgar Allan Poe, she ran her fingers across the cover which was tatty and ripped, Spencer had kept the book from his childhood hence it's messy state. Unsure as to why she had taken an interest in it, he chose to use it as a reason to engage in some communication.

"Do you like my books?" Spencer asked, Eleven looked over her shoulder at him and contemplated his question for a couple of seconds before nodding her head. "I could read to you, if you'd like that."

Eleven was quicker to answer this time, she nodded her head again before standing up from her seat on the floor and made her way towards Spencer. She held the book out to him and he took it, catching glimpse of her tattoo as he did so. Continuing on in the unexpected chain of events, Eleven sat down on the couch beside Spencer, not all that close to him but still next to him nonetheless.

"It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the sea that a

maiden there lived whom you may know by the name of Annabel Lee.” Spencer began to read before she could change her mind, he didn’t need the book as he knew the poem word for word but the book was what she was interested in so he committed to reading it off of the page. “And this maiden she lived with no other thought than to love and be loved by me.”

Out of the corner of his eye he saw movement and when he turned to look he saw Eleven curled up, her feet beneath her body and her head resting against the armrest. Her eyes were closed until Spencer stopped reading, they then peeked open again to look at him. They made eye contact and Spencer stopped himself before he could begin to profile her, she’d talk to him eventually and he could wait until then. He offered a small smile and she returned one, the same tight lipped smile he’d done and it made him fill with a strange sense of pride.

Spencer’s world had been turned completely upside down ever since he’d been called on this case, he didn’t regret any of it for a second but he was scared, he held the future of this child in his hands and he only could hope that he did good by her. After all she’d been through, it was the least he could do.

“I was a child and she was a child, in this kingdom by the sea; but we loved with a love that was more than love- I and my Annabel Lee.”